Miss Martha A. Piper

A Memorial

A MEMORIAL

OF

MISS MARTHA A. PIPER.

COMPILED AT THE REQUEST OF HER MOTHER,

BY

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE compiler of this Memoir has labored under the evident disadvantage of having enjoyed neither an early nor a long-continued acquaintance with its subject; nor yet has he been permitted to have extended interviews with any of her relatives or former intimate associates, since her death.

During the brief year of her sojourn in his parish he had indeed learned to love and esteem her and her parents very highly, and numerous tokens of reciprocated affection have since been received by him from her bereaved and now widowed mother, as it were from the borders of the spirit-land.

When, therefore, her well-filled portfolio of more than five hundred manuscript pages (note paper) was placed in his hands a few months ago, with the desire that her pieces should be looked over, and that selections from them, if thought advisable, should be arranged for printing in a memorial form, he set about the task of carefully reading them, and noting their character and contents. From *these* chiefly his knowledge of their author has been derived. A part of them have been woven into a connected account of her life in Part I, and others still have been collected in groups, for the gratification of her friends, in Part II. A superiority of literary or poetic excellence is not claimed for these selections. Most of them are far from being "finished" productions. But when we consider that her opportunities for a school education were wholly cut off by her great affliction at the age of fourteen; that by a severe attack of scrofula-inflammation of the knee-joint she then became, and thence continued through life, a confirmed invalid, never attempting to walk except by the use of crutches; that she suffered otherwise from ill health, having no less than five different fits of sickness, when her life was in imminent danger, and that she died at the early age of twenty-eight, — we must conclude from an examination of her papers that she had improved

well upon her limited privileges, that by self-culture, thoughtful reading, and the study of nature, she had at least *begun* to develop the qualities of a good writer; while the teachings of the Spirit and the grace given her for support under her afflictions had made her, even before the time of her happy release from earthly sufferings, an *earnest* and *self-sacrificing Christian.* This little book of hers is therefore commended, not to the cold criticism of the literary world, but to the sympathy of her loving Christian friends.

They will here find evidence that in addition to her *natural* loveliness, God's grace made her what they *know* she *was;* and however much her powers of intellect, like her moral virtues, may have been stimulated by adversity, yet few will question that her literary merits might have proved of no inferior order, could they, with the same attending grace, have been unfolded under more favoring providences.

SANBORNTON, Nov. 20, 1874.

PART I.

SKETCHES

FROM THE

Life of Miss Martha Alma Piper.

(CHIEFLY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.)

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

MARTHA ALMA PIPER was born March 13, 1841, in Weston, Vt. Her parents were Nahum and Katharine Newton (Bennett) Piper. She speaks of them as moving to a pleasant residence in the quiet little village of Weston, with their family of one son and four daughters, in the year 1843, she being the youngest of the number. The village is "situated in a valley among the Green Mountains." "The house was a two-story white one, with a small yard in front, in which a variety of flowers flourished every summer, and where I often used to sit when a child, upon the steps leading to the gate, towards twilight, busying myself in various ways."

This was her home till past fourteen years of age. It was a Christian home. "Here we were gathered together for family worship and taught to kneel in reverence while our father offered prayer to the Maker and Preserver of

all. Often did that faithful mother follow us to our room as we retired for the night, and after seeing us snugly in bed, knelt down by our bedside, taught us how to pray, and raised her voice in prayer." "Though these instructions and influences might be at the time apparently unheeded, yet we have since had reason to thank God for the restraints thrown around us in our childhood, by pious parents."

She seems to have been keenly alive to the pleasures of her home, "where the chain of love bound all hearts together," but where the chastening rod was often administered by sickness, her dear mother being twice prostrated by fever within her remembrance.

Here — as she records with humble gratitude — "two of the daughters, the oldest and the youngest, at different periods, found hope in that Saviour who suffered and died to save a guilty world;" and "in this dwelling, Jan. 6, 1851, that oldest sister was united in marriage to a worthy gentleman from L., Mass." "Our family, together with other friends and relatives, was gathered in the little parlor to witness the ceremony. Our hearts grew sad for a while, as soon we were to be deprived of our sister's society, for the most part. The clergyman performed his office with due precision and grace, after which the guests saluted the newly-married pair, and remained for a while to partake of refreshments, soon to take their final leave. *Five* of those that day assembled have already (Jan. 15, 1859) departed this life, and we shall meet them no more on earth."

During this period of childhood and early youth her spirits seemed always sparkling and buoyant. She enjoyed

her school days in the two-story brick school-house at the upper end of the village, in rather too close proximity to one of the streams that joins the main river midway down the village. Once, in the event of the breaking away of a mill-dam, no little excitement and anxiety were occasioned for the children, imprisoned in their school-room for a while by the freshet; but all were finally led by careful hands over the seething current and landed safely at their homes. The "berrying excursions" from this school-house, when the teacher had been persuaded to let their spelling-lessons come a little earlier, and the children would wander over the hills and pastures till sun-down; and the winter pleasures in attending singing-schools, lyceums, etc., in large double sleighs, are all vividly described on scraps of paper in her portfolio. The varying ideas and opinions of her different teachers are also noticed, — some having evening "writing schools," some "arithmetic schools," in which the larger pupils would review the lessons they had passed over, and others still "reading and spelling schools," spending the first part of the evening in reading in concert, and the last part in "spelling down." The corn-parching and molasses-candy-making seasons are pleasantly alluded to: "Jolly times, as we thought then!" In all these combined privileges and sports of a New England community she seems to have entered with a peculiar zest. In her own words, —

"The buoyant step of youth
Treads gayly o'er the lea;
Hours replete with childish joy,
Which soon must pass away."

CHAPTER II.

THE CHANGE.

THE spring of 1855 brought a sad change upon Martha's worldly prospects, though a hopeful one in spiritual things. By a singular coincidence she was called on her fourteenth birthday, March 13th, to attend the funeral of an estimable young lady in the village, her pastor's daughter, who had also been her Sabbath-school teacher.

Five years later she writes, "I recollect having been somewhat affected by the occurrence, gloomily reflecting upon the fact of its being on my birthday, as if to impress myself with the idea that it *might* be the foreshadowing of evil, or of something that might befall me; though I say not that I seriously *looked* for the coming of evil, or, aside from that day, thus soliloquized." "For a while time passed smoothly on, bringing no changes. I followed on in the current of carelessness and thoughtlessness, when suddenly, by an unforeseen Providence, I was checked in my course, being stricken with a lameness from which I have never fully recovered."

It seems that the latter part of May, while zealously assisting her mother "in that ever-incumbent duty of housekeepers, in the spring, house-cleaning," — her older sisters being all absent, — she began to notice "a stiffness in one of her knees, accompanied by a slight pain beneath the patella." Not aware of serious difficulty, she indulged for a short time in her favorite walks, but the trouble then assumed a more aggravated form; and the lameness, caused at first only by a sprain and the settling of a cold

in her knee, was soon after pronounced by physicians to be a scrofula white swelling. She became a confirmed invalid, destined never again to enjoy the free use of her limbs, but ever after to forego her much-loved sports and rambles in the open air, and to relinquish all hope of *bodily* helpfulness to her parents and friends.

Through this same affliction, however, she was made more reflective, introspective, and active with mind and pen, and was enabled, by God's grace, to develop that Christian character which should most truly bless her influence, and give to her short remaining life its peculiar charm and value.

As proof of this, and as marking the commencement of her religious experience, we give the following extracts from a letter written to a former schoolmate: "I have been much changed in *mind* as well as in body; I hope for the better. It is a year ago last May since I was first lame. For more than three months I was closely confined. Do not think I am sorry for this lameness. Knowing it to be my Heavenly Father's will, I would submit without a murmur. I think I can thank the good and merciful Lord for afflicting me. In so doing he has given me opportunity to think over my past life, and see what a wicked creature I have been; as also a time and space for repentance. I trust I *have* repented and have been forgiven. I now enjoy such a life as I would not exchange for my former life, by any means. How is it with you? Are you living as when here, enjoying merely the pleasures of this world? Live so no longer. Seek that enjoyment and happiness which are lasting, which will stand by you in this world and in the world to come, and 'will work out

for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' . . . Will you not listen to this? The Saviour's call obey. Do give your earnest attention to the subject of religion, *now*. Will you not? Read the precious Bible, and pray every day. Do it earnestly and God will hear you. . . . How far was I from what I should have been, that winter you were here, — the last winter that I went to school! How did I spend it? Not profitably. How much I used to say about the teacher! How sinful in the sight of God, and how wrong to set such an example before you. Will you forgive it? And your mother, too, who sent you here to improve in every way? Do not follow such examples. God did not make us to hate and feel above each other; but He tells us, John 13 : 34, to love one another as he has loved us."

CHAPTER III.

THE REMOVAL.

One of the most pleasing prose sketches found among Miss Piper's papers is the account of her journey from her former home in Weston to her new home in Claremont, N. H., where her father, having three years previously disposed of the original homestead in Weston, had more recently bought a farm about two and a half miles south of the village.

This was in the spring of 1859. Her sisters had arrived at Claremont with the goods, by the common road, and Ellen had just written a note home assuring her parents

of their good success, and encouraging Martha to "keep a stout heart."

Speaking of herself, in the third person, she describes her emotions on rising for the last time, long before day, in the cottage (the "parsonage house") at Weston, where they had resided for two years. "M. had carefully arranged her riding garments, and sat for a few moments gazing intently upon the coals still bright in the fireplace before her, in that now almost deserted room, awaiting the announcement that all was ready. Her heart was moved by the scene, and her eyes filled with tears while she raised a secret prayer to God for his guidance and protection. Presently, her father and brother came in, as the latter pleasantly remarked, 'for the most precious part of our load,' and taking her in both their arms, her tender and loving mother leading the way, they carried and deposited her in the easy place which had been arranged in the vehicle that was to convey them to the railroad station twelve miles distant." "The moonlight ride through the silent street of the village where her life had all been spent thus far," "the last look at every well-known object," and especially "towards the stately dwelling which had been her early home," and "familiar friends and neighbors now unconsciously wrapped in quiet slumbers," are all touchingly alluded to. "She yielded to her emotions, and silently wept." The ascent of the mountain "till the morning star visible in the east heralded the coming light of day," the music of the rippling water where the tired horses stopped to drink, the arrival at Chester at the awakening of the villagers, and the passage thence by cars to Bellows Falls, are portrayed with a vividness which

shows that even the ordinary scenes of a journey struck the mind of our invalid with ever fresh delight. Most gratefully does she speak of the kind attentions of strangers who assisted her over an "excavated space," or wash-out, into another train of cars that awaited the passengers on the other side of the stream. In a subsequent metrical description of this journey, she says:—

"We ne'er expect again to meet
On earth those friendly strangers.
May God regard their generous aid,
And grant his choicest blessings."

After two hours' waiting at Bellows Falls, their ride was continued up the lovely Connecticut Valley to North Charlestown.

"Near close of day we reached our new-found home
In safety, having passed
Through dangers and apparent trials borne
(To nature's weakened frame so much unused),
But in our Heavenly Father's care
Were shielded from all harm."

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW HOME.

THE *broad* valley of the Connecticut presented a marked contrast to Martha's mind with the *narrow* one of West River in which she used to live at Weston. Ever susceptible both to the natural and artificial beauties of her surroundings, she thus describes the landscape as viewed from her father's house in Claremont: "A broad plain stretching towards the southwest, with clusters of different trees, — of variegated hues in autumn, — from behind which a train of cars, with its puffing engine, may be often seen appearing and reappearing, till finally disappearing in the distance with its long line of smoke"; "the neat farm-houses scattered here and there," and "towering above all, the high and broad Ascutney at the north." Soon after reaching Claremont she commenced or resumed a record of more important events and circumstances connected with herself and family, and after January 1, 1860, this record took more nearly the form of a *diary*.

"*Jan.* 17. When the prospect was so inviting without for *others* to take a walk upon the crust, I took my walk (on crutches) as far as the doorsteps, while the milkman's bells jingled merrily past as he drove on his way towards the village. I forbore to go farther, as I might have slipped and thus endangered my knee, but tried to be thankful for this privilege, and returned to join the family at the breakfast-table.

"*March* 6. Walked out just before noon, on bare ground, the farthest that I have been privileged to do since winter came."

The following summer a wide-spreading elm-tree, near the house, afforded her a quiet retreat. She says of the seat which her father there constructed for her and her sister, July 7th, "May it be the scene of much joyfulness: may hearts here be raised in gratitude to God for the many tokens of his love and goodness." Here, from time to time, she enjoyed much in company with her sisters and other dear friends, or in solitude, listening to the birds, drinking in lessons of wisdom from every object, musing upon her own unuttered meditations, expressing her feelings in prose and verse, or reading from her favorite authors.

Her *journal* records were continued only about two years after moving to Claremont. She evidently did not design them for the inspection of others, as they are often written in a very fine hand, or almost illegibly, with a pencil; yet they let us into her inner life and feelings, and vividly portray the outward attractions as well as the social joys and sorrows of her new home. She makes judicious observations upon what she reads, and shows that her sympathies are strongly aroused in behalf of John Brown, his fellow-prisoners, and others who figured in the early dawn of our nation's struggle.

She thus early discloses that great interest in the cause of missions which she cherished through life, and was destined to honor in a peculiarly affecting manner after her death. Noticing, from year to year, her annual offering, she mourns that it is "so humble," and expresses her sympathy for "the poor heathen upon whom the light of Christ's Gospel is only beginning to shine."

An important event in the town, like the meeting of the General Association, or a political mass-gathering, calls

forth her reflections, as also the deaths in her neighborhood. She records her feelings on hearing from her old neighbors in Weston, especially when the small-pox was raging there; expresses great interest in her father's pecuniary and business affairs, and playfully descants upon the first visits of old friends at their new home, and in particular upon the somewhat ludicrous circumstances of her good brother James's first arrival and departure. She sings with the singing birds, draws moral lessons from the early flowers, the first ripe fruit, the "clinging vine," "the worm upon the rose," etc., and thus proves herself a keen observer of Nature in all her phases, and one *alive* to her varied beauties. But she also "looks through nature up to nature's God." She praises her Heavenly Father for the sunshine and the rain ("in answer to prayer"); for his refreshing goodness in the strawberries, the cherries, and the luscious fruits of autumn. Thankfulness and cheerfulness, in short, characterize all this part of her writings; and as she notices, at different times, the favorable symptoms in her lameness, her gratitude is very sensibly awakened; yet not till the middle of September of this year (1860) *was she able to take her first ride in Claremont* (after arriving), and that in a sulky drawn by her brother, with her brother-in-law, "Kimball, to assist and push behind." She passed by the grove and the favorite seat "where Ellen used to sit," and thence up to one of their kind neighbors. Her heart was full to overflowing.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

As the last clauses might presage, her heart and home, amid all their abounding cheerfulness, had yet been darkened by affliction. Death had once and again cast his shadow upon the loved circle of which she was one of the links, lessening their number.

December 9, 1859, "we received the solemn intelligence of the death of our aged grandfather, in Bennington, Vt., at the residence of his oldest son." Hezekiah Bennett was his name, his age eighty-five.

With the exception of lameness and an ulcerated ankle he had always enjoyed good health; only complained of shortness of breath — but declined all attention — at ten o'clock in the evening, and was found dead the next morning on being summoned to breakfast. "His eminently pious companion had preceded him about eleven years, whom we cannot but hope he has joined in the realms of the blest, no more to suffer affliction and sorrow."

The failure to receive the intelligence in season prevented her mother or any of the family, much to their regret, from attending the funeral in Weston.

In her tribute to her grandfather's memory, January 12, 1860, she writes: —

"Oft hast thou been bereft while here below,
Of brave beloved forms, whom none could save;
One son of promise 'neath the ocean wave sank low,
And far from home *he* found a watery grave.

"Thou hast seen thy children gathered round thee,
Rising to manhood and entering on life's stage,

And now their children's children thou hast lived to see,
And goest to thy rest in good old age."

Soon after, her eldest sister, Mariam, Mrs. Wilson, who had dwelt with them in their retired cottage home from the first of their coming to it, nine months before, departed to join her husband at Manchester, N. H., where he had lately commenced business.

Only one sister now remained with her at home. For a few months their delightful companionship was continued; but the sudden removal of that sister by death, was to prove the great bereavement of her life thus far, of which she has left a very full narrative, most tenderly composed. On the 22d of July, 1860, while the two sisters were quietly enjoying their Sabbath together at home, the other members of the family being at the house of God, Ellen was attacked by a violent illness, which her invalid sister did all she could to relieve, till their parents' return. But the best of attendance afterwards could not arrest the rapid progress of the disease, and in a little more than a week she had passed from earth. The "family gathering" which they soon expected to welcome to a house of feasting was thus exchanged for *another* to a house of mourning. Their anxious father had gone to Grafton, Vt., to get their older sister, — the wife of Dr. G. W. Hunt, of that place, — with whom he did not reach home again till 4 P. M. on Monday. "Mother met them at the carriage and told them they had come too late, — she was dead."

The dear Ellen had breathed her last that morning, about two o'clock, with none of the family present except Martha and her mother. The chair of the *invalid* had

been set beside the bed of the *dying* daughter. "We were each holding one of her clay-cold hands, and I the cup of wine and water of which she was being fed to raise her strength, as she was sinking rapidly. Mother spoke, and told her to lay herself right into the Saviour's arms ; then, being asked if He was precious, and requested to press our hands, she gave the token, as also when asked 'Does He enclose you in his loving arms?' She was almost gone, but roused again, and only said, when asked, 'Are you not going to leave us with your blessing?'—'Yes: tell the dear ones all, good-by ; father, mother dear, James, Kimball, Mariam, Doctor, and Cynthia, meet me, one and all, in heaven,' and spoke no more."

Alluding to this death-scene, she afterwards writes :—

"She hath left us here, but her beacon-light,
'Meet me in Heaven,' still shineth bright.
May it guide us straight to the blessed shore,
Where we 'll meet again to part no more."

CHAPTER VI.

ITEMS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

It was not until March 8, 1859, the communion season before she left Weston, that she joined the Congregational Church in that place.

For three years previously she had indulged a hope in Christ, but was troubled with many misgivings as to her fitness to unite with his people. Her pastor in Weston, Rev. Mr. Coburn, dealt very judiciously, and yet faithfully

and kindly with her, and it was proposed at one time — indeed, the Sabbath afternoon was set — for the church to assemble at her father's house and permit her there to make the profession of her faith. But the ill health of the pastor on that day prevented. Martha recognized the hand of God in all the way in which she was thus led, and in the other repeated delays which she experienced, till at last, with a calmer spirit and a more assured faith, she was enabled to visit the house of God herself, on the Sabbath before mentioned. With that church she was never again to meet and commune. It was her parents' church for many years, and one of her sisters had joined it but a year before. For these reasons, doubtless, she desired to be enrolled among its members, though so soon as the second of September following, her letter of dismission, with that of her parents and her two sisters, Mariam and Ellen, was presented to the Congregational Church in Claremont, and accepted, she greatly regretting in her diary that she was unable to go with them in person and answer to her name by her presence, thus "acknowledging Christ anew before men." That these professions of religion were sincere, we have abundant proof in her utterances. "I have felt the weakness of my nature and the power of my besetting sins of late; and what is worst of all, I have not resisted them fully, and as a consequence, have not enjoyed that nearness to my Saviour that I otherwise might have done. I have felt unwilling to follow in everything the teachings of conscience, though I could not be happy while disobedient. Yet have I felt the constraining power of the Spirit drawing me unto him, and I see his merciful kindness in not forsaking me."

"My Father in Heaven, wilt thou draw near unto me and grant me thy presence through this day? Wilt thou twine around our hearts (my sisters' and mine) a silver cord of love, and also around these dear ones of our family? These dear parents, wilt thou revive thy work continually in their hearts, and enable them to overcome and glorify thy name much in their declining years? Wilt thou lead these (the unconverted and wandering ones) humbly to thy feet, confessing their sins and giving themselves to thee in an everlasting covenant?"

Her desire to improve opportunities for conversing with others upon the interests of their souls was strong and habitual; so that whenever such opportunities were neglected, she bitterly mourns her unfaithfulness. This is forcibly shown, when she "turned back" (from her last glimpse of the dark and lonely procession that bore away her sister Ellen) "and re-entered the little parlor, deserted of family and kindred, where a few friends still remained, and the thought occurred that she might speak a word so that good might follow this sad scene." Most earnestly *did* she speak, desiring them (with herself) "to turn now to the Lord with all our hearts, and so live that we may meet her at last." She also "fought the good fight of faith" in her daily personal experience, striving against what she calls her "false, unnatural appetite," driving out her murmuring thoughts, and triumphing over those doubts respecting the inspiration of the Bible and other doctrines, which occasionally flashed upon her mind.

Happily was she wont to turn every item of intelligence and every new circumstance in her own history to a spiritual account; as when April 22, 1861, she breathes her

fervent supplication for the first soldiers of her acquaintance: "May the Spirit of God go with them and lead them to give their hearts to the Saviour, that trusting in him they may seek his protection and be brought home in safety"; or when on the afternoon of June 4th she rode to a place from which she could see Claremont Village for the first time. "I had never seen so large a place (before). It was quite a privilege. The goodness of God is great in permitting me to enjoy so much."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAVORITE PASTOR.

LATELY favored with a new pair of crutches, Martha was permitted, on the 26th of June, 1861, to visit for the first time the "village" she had first gazed upon at a distance three weeks before. "It is a beautiful place!" she exclaims, "and this is a wonderful world, full of marvellous things in nature and art, but the greatest and most blessed work of our great Creator is that of his grace." From this time she was enabled, occasionally, to attend the sanctuary and some of the social meetings of the church; to be present, also, a few times, at the ladies' circles, to make articles of comfort for the soldiers. Her interest was greatly deepened in all these privileges by the coming of a new pastor to the Congregational Church in Claremont, the Rev. Edward W. Clark.

Between her and this "favorite pastor" a very warm friendship immediately sprang up. He was every way

worthy of her esteem, and, as shown by letters which she afterwards received from him, he fully reciprocated her love and confidence. She used to write imaginary "defences" of her pastor for her own amusement, and on several occasions indited "lines" of welcome or encouragement. She also wrote out many valuable "notes" on his lectures and sermons, with a few remembered expressions from his prayers. Soon after his arrival at Claremont (Oct. 26, 1863), she wrote (but probably did not send him) an "address of welcome," two closing stanzas as follows:—

"Thou 'rt welcome by the 'flock,'
They 'll lift for thee their prayer;
Oh, may the 'Shepherd' be thy 'Rock,'
And bless thy labors here.

"May God upon thee send
Abundant blessings down,
And set, at last, upon thy head
A bright and starry crown."

At the close of the "week of prayer," 1867, she penned a few "humble lines" for her pastor, but, with characteristic modesty, retained them for about six months, when at last she sent them to him with an affectionate note of dedication. The first and last stanzas were these:—

"Take courage, much loved Pastor,
Thou yet mayst be made glad,
Though all around is dreary,
And thine own heart is sad.
Thou hast thy duty fully done;
Be not dismayed, nor fear.
The living God hath heard thy prayers;
To answer, He is near.

"Then do not be discouraged!
Though now it looks so dark;
The blessing, though delayed, will come
And cheer thy drooping heart.
The Lord will bless thy labors,
They shall not be in vain:
God seeth not as man sees, —
Thy fruit here shall remain."

On a certain Fast Day she expresses her sympathy for him, on a bed of sickness, in the following strain: —

"See, our beloved Pastor's laid
Upon a bed of pain!
Let us, then, from our God, for him,
Seek *his* bright smiles again.

"Though God doth chasten for a while,
We *know* 't is for our good;
The blessing that shall follow pain
Will feed our souls with food.

. . . . . .

"Surely and gently raise him up
To go forth with new power,
Strengthened to be a guide to those
Committed to his care."

Repeatedly, when Mr. Clark took his annual vacation, did she follow him with a "good-by," and then hail his return with a "welcome," from which pieces we select these fragments, in conclusion: —

"Thrice welcome, roaring engine,
That swiftly bears *thee* home,
Our absent and loved Pastor;
In safety mayst thou come."

NOVEMBER 8, 1866.

"Loving people wait to greet thee,
Soon we know thou 'lt hither come;
Tree and leaf and blossom even,
Mutely bid thee welcome home.

"Home, to labor on a season,
To complete thy work of love,
Then to share unending respite
In the blissful 'Home' above."

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

Happy the pastor who has even one prayerful, sympathizing heart — though that of an invalid — thus to sustain and cheer him. He fully appreciated this sympathy, and did to Martha many kindnesses in turn, especially by loaning her books and giving her occasional rides. She says: "I have been so kindly and abundantly provided with books, I wish to render praise to God for all these favors, as well as to be very grateful to my kind pastor, who has lent me many."

It is only to be regretted that *this* pastor, who knew our dear friend so well, should not have been permitted to compile this tribute to her memory.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW SORROW — REMINISCENCES.

In January and February, of 1868 — destined to be a year of change and of sorrow, — we find the subject of these sketches resuming her personal record, at a few different dates, evincing greater compass of thought and maturity of Christian experience than in her diary of previous years, but with no lessening of her humility. January 26th she says "During the last week God has been trying me with disappointment and renewed lameness. I cannot but feel that 't is all for my soul's good, and hope it may result in the honor of Christ. My heart has been rebellious. I have wanted everything my own way. But God has shown me that *his* will is to be my guide. . . . I have greatly lacked faith — simplicity of faith. I desire to be more conscious of my sinfulness. There is much self-righteousness in my heart. I wish to ascribe all praise to *Christ*, — to delight in *him* as my *all*."

"*Sabbath, February 2d.* I desire to record the faithfulness of God to me. I know that he answers the petitions of his weak one. I have of late enjoyed sweet communion with him 'in the morning,' whereas I had been troubled with doubts at that season, and my devotions were greatly hindered thereby. But I have asked at evening, before sleeping, for nearness to God in prayer, *in the morning*, and blessed be his holy name, he has granted in good measure my request."

From these and other passages, there is evidence of a ripening in her Christian experience. For what was she

thus preparing? In little more than a week from the latter date a telegram was received, announcing to the stricken household the death of her sister Mariam (Mrs. Wilson), they "not having before heard anything respecting her illness." "Cynthia received the dispatch which we forwarded to her, Tuesday, about 10 A. M., and came to us with her husband and little ones, arriving about dark on the same P. M. Our bereaved brother, with little Alice, and the remains of our dear departed, had arrived only about three hours before. The remaining members of our broken family circle mingled their tears together, and prepared to pay the last tribute of affection to the memory of her who had so recently been snatched from our embrace."

This sudden death of her sister led to a change of her father's family residence for a year,—her brother-in-law having rented a farm in the town of Sanbornton, and desiring her parents, with herself, to come and make a home for him and his motherless little one. Their residence in Sanbornton was one of the most attractive in town, being the old homestead of the first settled minister (the "Woodman Place"), on the brow of the hill near where the first meeting-house stood, commanding a most extensive prospect towards the south and west, and itself embowered by lofty, wide-spreading elms.

Here the writer's acquaintance with Martha commenced, April 17, 1868. He was struck from the first, and ever after, with the peculiarly sweet expression of her countenance,— pale from her past sufferings, yet animated by the radiance of her full, sparkling eyes, and lit up by her peaceful, winning smile; her noble forehead crowned with luxuriant hair, which overhung her shoulders in wavy

ringlets; to which must be added the evident amiability of her disposition, the vivacity of her temperament, the refinement of her manners, and the intelligence of her conversation, so delicately, not officiously, seasoned with the salt of divine grace, her chief "ornament" being that "of a meek and quiet spirit."

She was able to attend public worship a few times, and at least one person affirmed that hers was "the sweetest face" that individual had "ever seen within the walls" of our sanctuary. Once, too, her Sanbornton pastor was favored with a visit, at his house, from her and her little niece, and the pleasure which it afforded can never be effaced from his memory. Rarely has a family been found, in so short a time, to win the esteem of a whole community, as did this family. Never have we known an individual to awaken a deeper interest than did Martha in the minds of all who saw, and the hearts of all who knew her. The scenery of her new home had for her a peculiar charm. During the summer months she executed several pencil sketches of "Kearsarge," and other mountains, as seen towards the southwest, as well as of the "old Manse" itself, from a short distance. Her hands were also busy making keepsakes and rustic ornaments now seen in several of our houses.

Her stay with us was but too short; for at the expiration of a single year, the engagement of her brother-in-law, Mr. Wilson, having terminated, she returned with her father and mother to her loved Claremont home, never again on earth to renew the friendships formed on the hills of Sanbornton.

It is from this brief acquaintance of one year, and the additional interest awakened since her death by the receipt of her beautiful picture, that the writer has been induced to take upon himself the mournful task of reviewing her papers and of extracting and arranging therefrom the material for this Memorial.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

MARTHA continued in comfortable health for several weeks after returning to Claremont, and, on the 8th of June, was able to ride to the neighboring town of Cornish, with her brother, to attend the County Conference, of which she has left a written account. She there remained, visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Hunt, till the 3d of July. But the very day after reaching her own home, on her return, July 4, 1869, she was obliged to take her bed, and her disease soon assumed its final supremacy over the powers of nature.

For several weeks she could only be carried occasionally into the open air in her father's arms, but afterwards regained strength enough to ride out twice for a short distance, having once been drawn out by hand. In coming back to her sick room from her last ride, September 30th, her faithful crutches were used for the last time. A repeated and much severer attack of her disease soon followed, to allay which, strong opiates were necessarily administered, and these prevented that freedom of utter-

ance she might otherwise have enjoyed during her few remaining days; yet on Sabbath morning, Oct. 3d, when her father read in her hearing the 103d Psalm, and she was asked if she could join in it, — "Oh, yes," was her reply, "I am always ready to bless the Lord," and on the same occasion she united with the family in singing two stanzas of the hymn, "Shall we sing in heaven forever?" her voice being very clear. During that day she said but little, seemed to have no particular messages to leave for any of her friends, and only sought to cheer her sorrowing mother with the assurance of her happy state, and of her gratitude for all that mother's kind attentions. In the little she *did* say, the ruling purpose of her Christian life was still apparent; for even after the hand of death was upon her, she was overheard to ask a friend sitting by her side if *she* was living for Jesus. But her patient, lamb-like spirit was beyond description. Her countenance was radiant at times; and while the elements without were raging in the most fearful storm (Oct. 3 and 4, 1869) which has visited New England for many years, her spirit, without fear or distrust, went peacefully forth to the presence of her Saviour.

Her funeral was appropriately attended by that "favorite pastor" who would gladly have "taken his place as a mourner." One or two incidents in the sequel may prove that her desire to honor Christ was strong in death, and that, in an affecting sense, her "works *did* follow her." Those luxuriant *curls*, which had been her chief "outward adorning," were cut off by her direction just before her death, tastefully arranged with her own hands in a box,

and afterwards taken to Boston by her pastor, where they were sold for seven dollars and fifty cents, and the money divided equally between the "American Tract Society" and the "Seaman's Friend Society," according to her request.

The other incident is this: A beautiful *cone basket*, made by her with great care before she left Sanbornton, was, upon her death-bed, bequeathed to the "American Board of Foreign Missions." This, also, was placed in the charge of Rev. E. W. Clark, and carried by him to the annual meeting of the Board, in New York, a few days after her death. He subsequently wrote to her mother in regard to it, as follows: —

"Now, a word about the dear sainted Martha's cone basket, her last dying gift to the Missionary cause, — pleasant news, which perhaps her sainted spirit knows, and at which she rejoices. The basket was taken to the annual meeting of the Woman's Board, my letter accompanying it read, and, amid smiles and tears of joy, the basket was passed around. One good woman, almost weeping at dear Martha's sweet spirit and gift of love to Jesus, dropped in two dollars, — the first gift; and so from one to another through the assembly, and then it was found that the precious basket had gathered one hundred and twenty-five dollars for Jesus.

The end is not yet; the basket, consecrated by herself to Christ and his cause, in much prayer, has another mission to perform: it goes to the missionary rooms, to be hung up there, and its story with it, to gather further contributions to the cause dear Martha loved. Doubtless,

more than her earthly expectations are thus realized. Perhaps she is glad with us over this result. So, being dead, her works remain, and she thus speaketh."

To which we can only append, as a most fitting close for our Memorial, the following letter, written by Mrs. Bowker, Secretary of the Woman's Board, to Martha's mother: —

EAST BOSTON, July 1, 1871.

MRS. K. N. PIPER: —

My dear sister in Christ, — My heart has been very much drawn towards you — though a stranger — through your beloved daughter. I was deeply interested in the account given of her by her pastor, — her meekness and patience through a protracted, suffering sickness; her self-sacrificing spirit, that was ever fertile and active in devising ways and means to give to the cause of Christ.

The "cone basket" forwarded us was a touching memorial of her love to Jesus; and may we not feel that the many prayers she offered while making it were answered in the generous sums contributed towards it at our annual meeting, of which you have already been apprised? It will continue to solicit pennies for the heathen in our Missionary Room.

Miss Elizabeth Hammett, a dear Christian sister of our church in East Boston, was greatly interested in her history, especially her missionary love and zeal, and contributed twenty-five dollars to constitute you a "Life Member" of the Woman's Board of Missions. Enclosed please find the certificate. We congratulate you that you were the mother of so Christlike a child. She was ripe indeed for the Master's use, and as "He had need of her," he called her up higher, for the glorious employments of heaven.

Happy daughter, so early crowned! Happy mother, to have such a treasure to give such a King! Happy may we all be at length, to meet her in our "Father's house," and together, with every kindred, every clime, "crown Jesus, Lord of all."

Yours, very truly,

MRS. ALBERT BOWKER.

PART II.

Selections from Her Writings,

WITH

NOTICES OF THE SAME.

SECTION I.

LIFE LESSONS.

AMONG her "Life Lessons," as she terms her practical reflections upon sundry texts of Scripture, we find the following:—

"The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." — NUMB. 6 : 26.

Go, rock the cradle of the helpless infant, and woo it from its restless crying to gentle slumbers. Mark how it tosses from side to side upon its pillow, in painful unrest, unheeding your lullabies, till at length, its face upturned, its eyes meet your steadfast gaze, and soothed by your assuring countenance, it quietly lies with its trustful eyes fixed upon you, answering back with a guileless baby smile, and manifesting a peculiar delight, till, anon, the eyelids droop and close, and the little one falls into unconscious slumber, smiling as it sleeps.

How strikingly does this illustrate the loving relation between Christ and his "little ones."

Wearied and tossed on life's restless bosom, their troubled souls find no rest, till, with upward gaze and steady search, they are assured that the ever-watchful and loving eye of their Saviour is bent upon

them. Then, amid all life's turmoil, they dwell securely, fearing naught so long as they keep in view the approving as well as *guiding* smile of their Divine Master. But so soon as they grow weary of watching, and turn aside their gaze and become absorbed with earth's trifles, they are restless and unhappy, dissatisfied with themselves and all about them, *till*, returning to their Saviour with penitence and obedience, they feel that his smiling countenance is again resting upon them to "give them peace," and his arms outstretched to shield and protect them. This alone is their rest till the end comes and this life of weary struggle and confusion is exchanged for one of unmingled delight in the immediate presence of their blessed Lord, where "are pleasures forevermore."

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

How sad that it should ever be otherwise! I am not alluding to harsh words, noisy discord, and angry contention in the family, but rather to an undercurrent in human experience, — that lurking evil in the heart which, although it does not develop itself in open acts of unkindness and disturbance, is still the cause of much that is gloomy and unhappy in the family circle. . . . We are placed in this world of trial where we must expect often to meet with unpleasant circumstances. We see discrepancies in others, and may differ from them in our opinions; but should *this* be a sufficient cause for moroseness, and the indulgence of wrong feelings which will usually display their influence in our actions? Do we consider that we are constantly exerting an influence, and that our own spirit and manner are communicated to others? Whether we are actuated by good motives or otherwise, our actions are bearing their part in our life scene, and when the picture is completed, we shall have to behold it, though there be many things that will fill us with "shame and confusion of face." Let us, then, consider that we have a duty to perform; and does it not, in a great measure, consist in subduing, with the help of grace, the evils of our nature, as also in contributing, according to our ability, to the happiness of those around us?

Let us *strive*, if we would conquer, and set ourselves at once about

our task, never growing weary, but drawing daily from the "fountain of living waters." Then shall we be filled with joy ourselves, shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have been instrumental in making others happy, and shall receive as the reward of our labor the blessed greeting from our great and holy Redeemer, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye." — PSALMS 32:8.

An obedient child, when wishing to engage in some pleasure or employment congenial to his tastes, watches the countenance of his loving mother with anxious solicitude to discover her will in the matter, and whether he is to meet a smile of approval or a gentle denial. If it be the latter, though at first it might sorely try his patience, and his sinful heart would *naturally* rise in rebellion, yet he feels that "mother knows best," and that she would by no means deny him the gratification of his desires were it really for his good. Thus he learns to obey *cheerfully*, and then how happily he pursues his way, while, had he disobeyed, a gloom would have been cast over all things about him, his former pleasures would become a weariness, and a heavy burden would lie on his heart. How forcibly does the government of a wise parent over her child thus illustrate to us God's government of his children!

Though often, it may be *very* often, he requires the Christian to relinquish his fondest wishes and plans, how lovingly does God supply a greater benefit, — a sweet consolation, — causing the very trial to produce the fruits of grace in our hearts, and in due time, when he sees fit, how abundantly does he provide even more than we desired. He would have us learn to *wait*, and trust his goodness and care. When we look upon Nature's loveliness, spread in such profusion around us, meeting our gaze on every hand, springing up at our feet, and looking down from the sky, every leaf and flower so wonderful and perfect in its kind, can we doubt that the same upholding hand will supply all our pressing wants? "If God so clothe the grass," will he not much more clothe you? 'T is sweet, indeed, to yield up

all our concerns into the hands of Jesus; to trust his care, and wait for his guidance and blessing.

Oh, teach us to follow thee more humbly, obediently, and joyfully — "to know no will but thine."

What an example of humility has our Saviour given us, when his disciples acknowledged him to be "the Christ of God," and his works revealed his greatness; and yet he "straitly charged them that they should tell no man these things." He had a prospect of great suffering before him. He would not rejoice in his greatness till that be past. He would move quietly through the world, unobserved and undistinguished, save in those hearts which were touched by his word. He wished to do them good, but cared not for noisy and open praise. Shall we not profit by this lesson from the life of our Lord? Though the world may flatter and applaud, — for it cannot penetrate the heart which *we* know and God knows is "desperately wicked," — yet because *we* are *sinful*, it becometh us to "be clothed with humility" and fear.

We, too, have a conflict before us, — a conflict with sin and temptation, which shall endure to the end of our life. Then why should we rejoice in aught save Jesus' love and sufferings?

"GLEANINGS BY THE WAYSIDE"

Is the title prefixed to a prose sketch of eight or nine pages, delineating scenes and impressions on a summer evening ride to the village (of Claremont), after she had so far recovered from her lameness that "with feelings of mingled pleasure and gratitude" she could enjoy "such a privilege, through the abounding goodness of God."

As we approached the brow of a hill our attention became fixed upon the sublime scene presented to our view. The beams of the declining sun, now shielded by overhanging, bright-edged clouds, and now emerging into view, fell upon surrounding objects, flooding

the landscape with crimson and golden light, and drawing the thoughts towards some more beautiful and glorious sphere beyond our sight; while rising in strength and grandeur, the summit of Ascutney Mountain, towering toward the sky and reminding us of that passage of Scripture which speaks of Mount Zion — a pattern of firm and abiding strength, to show us that the soul shall thus firmly stand that trusts in God; on either side of which long ranges of blue mountains reached far away, as if encircling the earth, and nearer by stood rows of trees arrayed in their bright green foliage of various shades, forming a delightful contrast to the sober tints beyond and against their spreading branches. Who, in view of these rare beauties, could but unite with the Psalmist in exclaiming, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches!" She then draws a forcible moral contrast between two scenes presented at the village, — "the little vestry, brilliantly lighted, with the devoted pastor sitting humbly in his desk, while a few are assembling at the hour of prayer to seek instruction in those things which concern their highest happiness" — and "the dismal abode of the rum-seller, into which one and another of his victims are allured by smooth words to take the proffered glass and drink the poisonous draught. A light is burning there, but it reflects only the dark forms and visages of wretched worshippers at the shrine of intemperance."

SECTION II.

FRIENDS.

THE following is an affectionate tribute to her departed sister, probably Ellen; and if so, written about two years after her sister's death.

We had a lovely sister,
Once she was fair and gay;
But God, in his wise Providence,
Hath taken her away.

Her earnest love and cheerful heart
Gave light unto our home;
Her ardent zeal gave promise, sure,
Of usefulness to come.

But she has gone, we see her not;
God saw that it was best.
We fully trust her spirit's now
Rejoicing with the blest.

She lingered for a few short years
In lovely womanhood,
And when the hour of sickness came,
Still humbly kissed the rod.

She was resigned to God's high will,
Whatever it might be;
And calmly struggled on with pain,
That "good days" she might see.

And when, her hours of suffering past,
The watchword true was given,
Her waiting spirit peacefully
Was wafted home to heaven.

The peaceful smile, reflected back
Upon her features bright,
Told, of a truth, that she at last
Had reached the realms of light.

We wait, a severed band, on earth,
We shall not see her more,
Till, through the mercy of our God,
We gain the heavenly shore.

On a pleasant day in June (1860), having taken "a walk out to the seat in the grove where Ellen" and she "used

often to sit during the warm weather" of the previous season, she adds: —

The scene was all familiar,
Save the loved form I missed,
That once was wont to share with me
This pleasant resting-place.

We miss her oft; she will not come
Again to earth's green bowers;
Her holy, happy, heavenly home
Is far removed from ours.

Oh, that my heart were all prepared
To follow in that holy way
Which He, who guided her, directs
Unto Eternal Day.

As a family souvenir of tender interest rather than for its literary merits, we subjoin

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

[Composed the evening before C.'s marriage, Sabbath eve., Sept. 19. It must be remembered, therefore, that this was one of her *earliest* poetical pieces.]

The sky was clear, the stars shone bright,
The moon in her beauty was drest;
We had laid our garments aside once more
To retire for the night to rest.

I heard a sound from a distant room,
Where my mother and sister were:
I listened, and felt it to be the voice
Of my mother raised in prayer,

Pleading with God for his blessings rare
On her precious one to send, —
As she soon would leave her mother's care,
That God would be her Friend.

Will she e'er forget — when she leaves that home
Where so oft she has heard before
The voice of that mother, so earnest and sweet,
As she poured forth her soul in prayer?

Ah, no! Methinks when far away
From the home of her childhood's hour
Will come to her mind, so silent and still,
The voice of that mother's last prayer.

Are our dear ones all among us,
Are we all together here, —
Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
Round the fireside gathered near?

Do we miss no absent loved one,
Do we miss no gentle tread,
Gladsome features, joyous greeting?
Are there none now with the dead?

Where are they who once went with us,
Walking in the shady grove?
Where are they who once dwelt with us,
And to bless us fondly strove?

With the Saviour now rejoicing,
Who the same path once hath trod,
There they now are sweetly singing,
"Glory to the Lamb of God."

THURSDAY, Jan. 2, 1862.

Many of her best effusions are found in her portfolio, on cards, envelopes, and scraps of waste paper, which might attract the least attention, — an emblem of her modest and retiring disposition. Instance the following : —

Shall we meet once more together,
While our home is here below ?
Meet again to love each other,
And each other's sorrows know ?

It would be a mutual comfort
Fraught with pleasure pure and true,
Side by side to sit together,
While the past comes in review.

Ah ! this question none can answer
Save the One who guides our way ;
But whate'er of good we 're needing,
He will surely grant one day.

"Loved ones return with cheerful heart."

A QUERY.

Do there then wait around my bed,
Spirits of those who 're with the dead ?
Do they from every ill preserve
Those who desire their Lord to serve ?

Do they attend their steps by day,
To keep them in the living way ?
Do they "bear up" each "little one,"
Lest he be dashed against a stone ?

Do angels keep us in their hand,
As ever they around us stand,
And minister God's mercy free
To humble mortals such as we ?

Oh, let them come into my heart,
And, of Thy wisdom, much impart;
Keep me from error's barren way,
And help me to improve life's day.

JAN. 28, 1863.

In the following scrap, her thoughts were transferred from her little playmates passed away to others still living, whom she includes with herself in the solemn questions asked.

Sacred to memory,
Those little playmates, three,
Where are they now?
Gladly I 'd love to see
Those who were once with me,
Playmates of old,
Just as they used to be;
Yet this were vanity
Beyond my reach!
Now, in the realms of thought,
Fondly for *you* I 've sought,
Loved ones of old.
Come, let *us* take the hand.
While we together stand,
What shall we say?
Passions of early days
Have we o'ercome?
Have we, in riper youth,
Wiser become?
Have we forsaken now
Folly and sin?
High let us fix our aims,
Usefully live.
Have we our stubborn hearts
Yielded to Him

Who did from heaven depart, —
Died for our sins?
We must all meet again,
When life is o'er:
Shall we, made clean from sin,
Part nevermore?

The following lines were probably written in view of her being assisted by her brothers to take the walk alluded to. The heading is simply,

WALKED TO THE GARDEN FENCE, OCT. 12.

Brothers, though we stand or fall
By the strength we each possess;
Yet it is God-given, all;
He upholdeth us.

Still, while many ills betide,
Let us bravely stand abreast;
We can make life smoothly glide
Till our final rest.

Let us stand together, firm,
Through the present earnest strife,
Leaning on each other's arm,
To the close of life.

She seems to have written these lines in the "remembrance" of a visit with friends living near the city.

On a still, delightful evening,
When the day had passed away,
And the moon her beams was shedding
O'er the earth in white array;

All without was hushed and silent;
For mankind, relieved from toil,
Sought for pleasant entertainment,
Free from busy life's turmoil.

To the city whose life-pulses
Fluttered swiftly, — as their choice
Some repaired to gain instruction
From the gifted speaker's voice.

At the pleasant home suburban,
Where a few friends, welcomed there,
Were enjoying, for a season,
Home delights — a goodly share;

In the neatly-ordered parlor
From whose windows could be seen
Glimpses of the works of Nature, —
Fair and beauteous evergreens;

Music's clear and pleasing strain
Floated on the evening air,
Soothing with its sweet refrain
As it fell upon the ear.

We shall ever carry with us
Kind remembrance of that scene.
May we so employ our talents
That we all may meet again.

When our day of life is ended,
Mingling on the heavenly shore,
May our songs of praise be blended
Round the Throne forevermore!

SECTION III.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

THIS poem is inserted, not so much for its intrinsic merits as a poetical composition, but because it details her own experience, as suffering affliction, and being thereby led to cherish new hopes, desires, and aspirations.

The morning broke all bright and fair,
  The sunlight falling on the trees,
Which with new brightness did appear,
  Their foliage waving in the breeze.

Methinks new light flashed on the heart,
  Of one who, on this holy morn,
Looked forth upon the scene without,—
  A new life seemed on her to dawn.

Afflicted in life's early morn,
  Checked by a Father's chastening hand
In youthful vigor, and withdrawn
  From those with whom she used to stand ;

Through years of trial called to pass,
  Mingled with mercies though they were,
E'en in those hours that fleeted fast,
  She learned, in truth, the worth of prayer.

She learned to bear with patience, then,
  The chastening which was for her good ;
And of the love of Jesus, even,
  Taught by the blessed grace of God.

But now those hours of trial past,
A way to be restored made plain,
The means employed, the blessing grasped,
A blessing sent from God again, —

What cause for gratitude and joy!
O God! help us thy praise to tell;
And all our talents to employ
Through all our life to serve thee well.

———

In the midst of four pages of blank verse, dated Feb. 22, 1865, deploring her failure to be useful, but aspiring heavenwards, are found these devout expressions: —

My heavenly Father,
If it please thee, let me live!
Renew thy loving kindness
As in times gone by,
And give me grace and strength to prove
My heart's desire and aim to be
T' improve my talents and to honor thee,
While life doth last. . . .
And when at last thou call'st me home,
When thou dost see my work is done,
Shall I not yield at once to thee
My willing spirit? . . .
Keep us, dear Father, from the evil,
And permit us not to wander
From thy way. Give us delight,
Chiefly in thee, and draw us
With our dear ones, steadily,
On towards that blest abode,
That peaceful realm, called Heaven.

———

Oh, where 's the cross I 've taken,
Where can it e'er be seen ?
O Father, wilt thou help me
To take it up again,
And try to bear it better
Than ever I have done !
That, when this life is over,
I wear a brighter crown.

Oh, may I e'er remember
How Christ has died for me,
And how he ever suffered,
That happy we might be.
If we 'd have faith in Jesus,
And give our hearts to him,
With his own blood he 'd save us
From all the power of sin.

(NIGHT) REST.

I am weary, oh, yes, weary !
But the night is coming on ;
Soon I 'll close my eyes in slumber,
And lie down my couch upon.

Nature is all hushed in silence,
As if waiting for her rest,
And the sun withdraws his brightness,
Such as doth surround the blest.

God is looking down from heaven
On his handiwork so vast.
There is naught he doth not nourish
And sustain from first to last.

Is there aught that gives him pleasure
Save these "works," that mutely stand
To proclaim His power and goodness
Throughout all the beauteous land ?

Ah! this bright and wondrous verdure,
Clothing every vale and hill;
Singing birds and brute creation
Only, *all* his will fulfil.

Man, O foolish man, and sinful!
Doth from morn till night transgress;
Disregards his God and Maker,
All his work and holiness.

Though he finds in Christ a "refuge,"
And a pardon for his sins,
Yet the whole "earth groans together"
From the moment life begins.

. . . . . .

See! the day is fast declining,
And the sun withdraws his light,
But the moon is sweetly shedding
Her mild beams on us to-night.

I am weary, oh, *so* weary!
For the struggle 's hard with sin,
With temptation and with trials,
For I fain a heaven would win.

I am weary of this striving,
I would lay me down to rest
With the bright and star-like blossom
Springing o'er my silent breast.

Oh, receive me, blessed Saviour,
To thy presence and thy care, —
To those bright and heavenly "mansions"
Which for thine thou didst prepare.

There no sun and moon are needed,
There no weariness shall come;
We shall rest fore'er with Jesus,
Be forever safe at home.

JULY 16, 1867.

SECTION IV.

DESIRES AND EFFORTS TO DO GOOD.

To lead others to the Saviour, to exert some influence which might result in the salvation of souls, was the great desire of her heart, after the lessons of her affliction had been learned; but secluded as she was, by her lameness, from the busy walks of life, and having therefore fewer opportunities to converse with her fellow-mortals upon the all-important theme, she used to address them in writing, very earnestly and directly, as the following specimens, four in number, two in prose and two in verse, will indicate: —

We were greatly disappointed at not seeing you with Mr. and Mrs. ——, and regret the circumstances which prevented your coming, but hope you will be spared from further trial and perplexity on account of worldly prospects, be guided in the path of wisdom, and be prospered in all needful business transactions.

But please excuse the liberty I have taken to address you upon a subject which seems to me to be of the deepest interest and of the highest importance to every one, and to none more than yourself. It is my earnest prayer that you may be led, by the Spirit of God, to attend to the interests of your immortal nature, the salvation of your never-dying soul, *at once.* Let me most affectionately and earnestly commend to you the "Friend of sinners," the blessed Saviour, who "sticketh closer than a brother," who will be your comforter and guardian in every hour of need, and to whom you may go with all your trials and burdens, assured that he will bear them for you, since "he careth for you" according to God's holy Word.

Herewith I send a little book, which I venture to hope may be a means of showing you the way to that state of blessedness of which

there is no end, and to which no enjoyment of worldly pleasure can be compared.

SATURDAY, Aug. 13, 1864.

I thank you for the collar. I remember and love you still — the companion of my early days. We *may* never meet again. O Angelia! I want you should give your heart to the Saviour; repent before him of all your sins, and become a "little child" of his, that you may "be an angel, and with the angels stand." He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."— Matt. 11:28. Listen to the "still small voice." Though I was taken from among you, and early stricken, yet, for all this, I am happy, and try to praise my Heavenly Father, knowing that "He doeth all things well."

Kind sir, thou art a stranger,
And this we know full well,
But listen for a season
While we, in kindness, tell
As to a fellow-traveller
O'er life's precarious way,
As we journey on together
Through the long and weary day,
In words of simple earnestness,
Of a high and holy Friend;
Of a world where all is happiness,
And a life that ne'er shall end.
We are sinful in our nature,
And this we all must know;
And are subject to much danger
While we tarry here below.
We are helpless, weak, and feeble,
And subject to decay;
And this frail, mortal "temple"
Knows naught but of "to-day."

. . . . . .

Having told, in this simple style, the "story of the cross," she concludes:—

But let us ask thee, humbly,
In our blest Saviour's name,
If *thou* hast fully yielded
Thy heart unto the same?
For this we know, we soon shall part;
But we *would* meet again
In that blest happy land
Where Christ shall ever reign.
And where his friends and kindred,
Upon that heavenly shore,
In holiness assembled,
Shall separate no more.

DERRY, Dec. 15, 1863.

TO A FRIEND ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

Perchance thou mayst be lonely,
As thou hast been before
In years agone, as *thou* hast said
I would that thou wert here.

Methinks I see thee passing
Around thy accustomed "beat,"
While scarcely any wakeful sounds
Thy musing senses greet.

Thou mayst be wandering afar
In Memory's sweet domain,
To view again those pleasures past,
Which *may not* be again.

. . . . . .

Oh, give the Lord thy heart!
For this I long have prayed;
Then shalt thou have that "anchor" sure
On which thy soul is stayed;

And ever it shall yield to thee
A consolation sweet,
And thou shalt many blessings see,
And for blest heaven be meet.

Would I could speak to thee,
To tell of Jesus' love;
I would that thou shouldst know it, too,
And rest at last above.

To-day our joys would be increased,
Couldst thou our pleasures share;
But for thy highest good, fore'er,
We 'll raise our humble prayer.

NOVEMBER 24, 1864.

SECTION V.

NATURE — DIFFERENT SEASONS.

How grateful to the heart of the snow-bound invalid, shut in from the outside busy world for a season, and anxiously waiting for the pleasant summer days, when at last the icy bonds of winter are broken, and the stern and stormy monarch steals quietly away before the warm sunshine and genial atmosphere of spring! . . .

A pleasant prose description of the sights and sounds of spring is then succeeded by the following lines: —

Surely now the chilly autumn,
And the dreary winter's blast,
Though they lingered for a season,
Have departed hence at last.

For the swelling buds and verdure
Neath the mild and sunny sky,
Singing birds and murmuring waters,
Tell us summer days are nigh.

All the earth puts forth new vigor,
Life is earnest everywhere.
Hath not God prepared new pleasures?
Shall not we the blessing share?

Who can hinder, when God wills it
That the shadows flee away,
And the weary, waiting spirit
Glory in a brighter day!

Blessed be thy name, O Father!
Thou hast given us hope this day;
Soon for us the darkened shadows
Shall forever flee away.

To which are immediately appended, under date of May 7, 1867:

O'er the hills dark mists are hanging,
All looks dreary and forlorn;
None would think the sun was shining
Up above the cloud and storm.

Yet the merry brook is murmuring,
And the green grass growing nigh,
And the farmer ploughs the furrows,
Heeding not the frowning sky.

All the earth is bright with promise
Of much good that is to come,—
Fruitful fields and verdant meadows;
Yet there 's hard work to be done.

Though we 've waited and looked forward
To these pleasant days so long ;
They have come, and there 's no doubting.
With bright smiles and cheerful song.

Is there one whose heart is weary,*
And whose faith is sorely tried ?
Father, let this simple lesson
To his spirit be applied.

Has he not long sought thy blessing ?
Art thou not now waiting near
To bestow a great refreshing
On thy needy people here ?

Heavenly Father, we will trust thee,
For thy promises are sure
Thou hast said that thou wilt answer
All thy trusting children's prayer.

SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

Succeeding days have come and gone,
And still the clouds are sweeping on ;
Thick clouds are darkly spread aloft,
While showers of rain are falling oft
Our hopes are raised each coming day
At sight of sunshine's fitful ray,
But soon, alas ! they blighted are,
For darkness gathers near and far,
Veiling the brightness all in gloom ;
And yet we watch and wait, for soon
The clouds will break again, we know,
And clothe the earth in sun's bright glow.

* Perhaps an allusion to her pastor.

The farmer's heart is downcast now,
For 't is the time to plant and sow.
He sees the spring-days come and go,
And showers of rain profusely flow,
Yet scarce can sow his fields, 't would seem,
So little sunshine flits between.
Yet well we know, we need not fear,
For He, who rules all things, is near ;
His works declare it, and his Word
Sure hope and comfort doth afford.
Nor clouds nor showers will long prevail,
"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

She often welcomed the birds, her favorites, in warbling strains. Witness the following : —

Sweet little birdies,
  Bright heralds of spring,
Gladly we welcome you,
  For good news you bring.

Long have ye tarried
  Through stern winter's reign ;
Welcome, thrice welcome,
  To your old haunts again.

Come with your sweet notes
  Resounding on high,
Yield back to your Maker
  Soft praise through the sky.

Teach us a lesson,
  As onward ye glide,
Making sweet melody
  O'er life's pleasant tide.

Teach us, as we toil,
And travel life's way,
To be ever cheerful,
And praise God alway.

Let us together,
Through summer's bright days,
Cheerfully render
To God our full praise.

"The Excursion" is the name of one of her longest poems, extending over twenty-five pages of note paper, in which a pleasing description of a day's ride to Windsor, Vt., with a visit to the State's Prison and other places of interest, is given in measured lines, four of which, in each stanza, are made to rhyme. "Finished Oct. 8, 1867." Scene probably laid the previous summer.

The whole poem would prove of interest to the reader, but only a few specimen stanzas can be given: —

Refreshed with grateful rest,
At early dawn
In humble prayer our hearts
Are upward drawn,
Seeking our Father's guiding care,
While we, in weakness, now prepare
To take this wished-for ride.

The earth is scarcely free
From night's chill thrall;
Deep mist upon the river lies
E'en like a pall.
The dewdrops glisten in the sun,
As swiftly down his bright beams run,
And peaceful is the scene.

Her brother seems to have piloted the excursion, hence this allusion in the opening stanza : —

The haying time at last
  Is passed away,
And now the weary farmer
  May have a holiday, —
Rest from the earnest, hard-wrought toil,
Whereby God hath appointed all
  To eat their daily bread.

Her sister and infant child are also of the party. After starting upon the ride, —

The little one is now
  Happy and free,
Prattling her grateful joy
  So merrily.
She is the sunbeam ever near,
The heavenly light our hearts to cheer, —
  The little guileless one !

Her desires to do good, *spiritually*, are apparent amid her free and sportive descriptions of natural scenery, and of the *temporal* surroundings of men and things with whom she is thrown in contact. Hence, at the State's Prison, —

Our fellow-man we see,
  With face so sad
And sorrowful, in truth,
  'T would make us glad
To offer comfort to his heart ;
To tell him of the "better part"
  Prepared for burdened souls.

One favor we alone
Can be allowed;
We may not speak in word,
But, blest be God,
Obtaining leave, we quick extend
A *tract* into the proffered hand,
And turn our steps away.

God bless him! and the way
Of life unfold
To his sin-burdened soul,
Nor aught withhold
Of His enlightening grace from him,
To comfort and to cleanse from sin,
And fit him *here* for heaven.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

See! the Autumn leaves are falling
With a quiet, noiseless bound.
Are they not to mortals calling,
As they, withered, reach the ground?

They have decked the distant hill-side,
God hath formed and nourished them,
And they 've spread his praises world-wide,
Hanging on their slender stem.

As they now approached completion,
All their worth was brought to view;
Beauty, in its rich perfection,
They were clothed in gorgeous hue.

They are borne unto their places
By the wind's oft-swelling tide;
Humbly bowing their fair faces
On earth's bosom, side by side.

Fellow-mortals, *we* are falling;
We do all fade as a leaf.
Let us heed this solemn warning,
And from death seek some relief.

Let us strive, while yet we linger
On our life's uncertain stem,
To accomplish for our Maker
All his wise and good design.

That our life be ever useful,
And his praises oft resound;
That we may reflect his glory
Ere we 're laid beneath the ground.

SECTION VI.

THE NATION.

From several national pieces, as they might be termed, we select the following: —

Our Nation strong and fair
Needeth high Heaven's care
In love at length.
Loud let our voices rise,
Lift up our anxious eyes
With faith unto the skies,
To God our strength.

Our Father, who art nigh
To hear the poor that cry,
Bow down thine ear.

Reach down thine arm of might,
Bid error take its flight,
Send forth thy truth and light,
Be ever near.

May our beloved land
Mid heavenly blessings stand,—
A land of rest.
Here let Christ's kingdom come,
Here let thy will be done,
Thy love fill every home,
And all be blest.

Nov. 4.

WRITTEN FOR THE SOLDIER.

God is looking from high heaven;
He beholds this earnest strife,
He can stay the bloody warfare,
He can stay this flow of life.

He it is must give the blessing;
Then let all look unto Him
While the battle is progressing,
We shall gain the victory then.

Fear not, for the Lord is near you,
He will shield you from all harm.
Do your duty fully, boldly,
Trusting in his holy arm.

When the storm has ceased its raging,
When the fearful strife is o'er,
Praise God for his timely blessing,
He will bless you yet the more.

SECTION VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE three following, from a piece of six stanzas, convey a true sentiment, and tell us where to find "True Worth."

True worth shines brightest often
Mid the humble middle class,
Where people all are sensible,
And go not with the mass;

Who deign to labor willingly,
Delighting thus to live
By calling into action
The powers God doth give.

Ah! these are they in whom we find
True worth, — the goodly few;
These are the loved and loving ones,
These are the tried and true.

Her longest poem, consisting of forty-seven stanzas, of eight lines each, might be styled the "Words of Jesus," many of his teachings, as related in the New Testament being put into rhyme, of which these two may be taken as a fair specimen: —

"Think not that I to earth am come
To send," *at first*, "peace" to each home,
But rather to pierce every heart,
That I *at length* grace may impart.

Not in your vileness are ye meet
To walk at will the "golden street."
For this cause I from heaven came down,
That ye might righteousness put on.

"Ask, and ye shall receive" that good,
Beloved friends, the heavenly food;
"Seek" earnestly, "and ye shall find"
That priceless treasure in the mind;
"Knock" at the door of heaven by prayer,
"It shall be opened to you" there;
Light shall beam forth into your heart,
The blood-bought gift God will impart.

The latest day is waning, the Sabbath draweth nigh,
Another sun's declining far in the western sky;
The birds are sweetly singing their evening praise at will,
Another week is dying, and earth is hushed and still.

Our Heavenly Father, hear us, subdue our stubborn will,
Behold our feeble nature, and bid our hearts be still.
Oh, lift our spirits higher, and bid our wanderings cease;
Oh, give us holy pleasure, and let it all be peace.

And when the Sabbath dawneth, let sacred thoughts arise,
That we may humbly worship our Father in the skies;
And may thy Holy Spirit dwell with us through the day,
And let a light from heaven dawn on our souls, we pray.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 28, 1862.

These untitled lines may prove of practical advantage to some readers:—

Do not yield to angry passion,
Strive at once to overcome;
See within your heart its fashion,
And depose it from its throne.

When you feel sin rising upward,
When you ken a wicked thought,
Say "Depart!" and "Get thee" outward,
I will fight thee as I ought.

Suffer not thy mouth to open
To the wicked spirit's call;
Crush it out before it 's spoken,
"Watch!" and labor lest thou fall.

Heaven will aid exertion truly;
Thou mayst know the promise given,
"He that overcometh," fully,
Hath a hope of yon bright heaven.

LEARNING OF JESUS.

'T is sweet to learn of Jesus,
Though it be through trials sore;
They grieve our hearts and leave us,
While *he* doth peace restore.

'T is good to learn of Jesus,
To "labor and to wait,"
For he will never leave us
In any trying strait.

When, our hearts so full of ardor,
We fondly seek the prize,
The object of our labor
He for a time denies.

He disappoints our wishes,
And "tries" our "faith" the while,
But gives the greater riches
Of his benignant smile.

In his own time he, surely,
Will grant the blessing sought,
If we continue, fully,
To trust him as we ought.

Go thou, O man! and from these wonders learn
A useful lesson. To thy Saviour quickly turn,
That through the assistance of his grace,
Thou mayst be fitted to fill well thy place
In life's great drama. Be not thou alone,
Of all God's creatures, useless and undone.
Strive ever, wheresoe'er thou art,
To fulfil thy mission and act well thy part.
Labor thou and pray for thy great Master,
"And watch for souls" throughout life's earnest day,
That when this life is over, and thy work is done,
Thou mayst be taken by the Holy One
Up to those heavenly "mansions," there to rest
"Forever with the Lord" and all the blest.

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